

AN
EPISTLE
TO

R— W—, Esq.



Occasion'd by a Pamphlet, Entitul'd,

The DEFECTION *consider'd, &c.*

By the AUTHOR of a Late POEM, Call'd,
The Woful Treaty: Or, Unhappy Peace.

THE SECOND EDITION.

Fundamentum enim perpetuæ commendationis et famæ est iustitia,
sine qua nihil potest esse laudabile. Tull. de Off. lib. 2.

Belial, in Act more graceful and humane;
A fairer Person lost not Heav'n; he seem'd
For Dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; tho' his Tongue
Dropt Manna, -----

Milton's Par. lost.

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Oxford

TO THE EDITOR

By the Author of 'The History of the County of Oxford'

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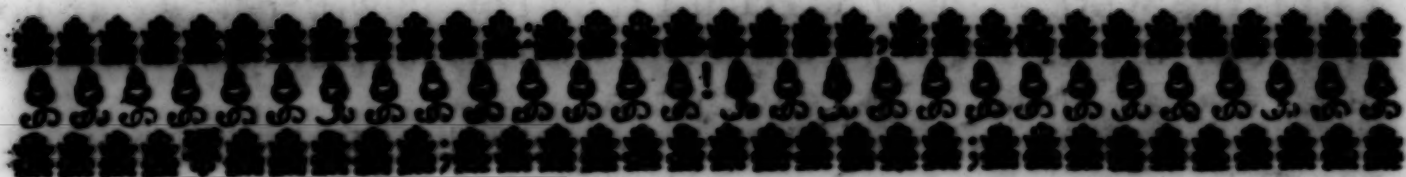
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A

Prefatory Discourse.

A Man cannot give a greater Instance of a mean, and dishonest Mind, than the raising, or falling his Esteem for any One, in Proportion to the Fortune of his Person ; or endeavouring to diminish the Reputation of any One, without a just, and honourable Motive : I confess, I am very desirous not to be thought such an One, and cannot, therefore, omit saying something upon this Occasion.

As I did, some Time since, endeavour to say some handsome Things of a *Certain Gentleman* to the Publick, and that without the least Suspicion of *Flattery*, since I was wholly unknown to him ; so my doing now the *highest Justice* to that Part of his Character, which is still the same, will, I hope, prove to the unprejudic'd, that my Epistle is not the Effect of any sordid, or disingenuous Motive.

To assign the *Love of one's Country* for the Reason of its Publication, will, I know, have the Air of a *Romance* with nine Tenths of the World ; but my Commerce with Mankind has not yet (whatever it may in Time) been able to wear off the Impressions I have receiv'd from the Story of a *Brutus*, or a *Cato* ; and I cannot help thinking myself under an indispensable Obligation, of Contributing what I can, to the Diminishing the *Popularity* of any one, who, I am convinc'd, wou'd make use of it to the Disadvantage of my Country.

I am sensible, that there are Answers to the *Defection consider'd*, &c. (and probably there may be yet more) and to shew, I do not take my Notions from thence on Trust, I shall make some Observations

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on the Second Part of the *Resigners vindicated*, &c. whether the First Part is the Work of the same Hand I can't tell, however shall take no Notice of it; for I was so disgusted with its insipid, and unnatural Stile, that I had not Patience to go thro' it.

If ill Language, and Impudence, are generally Marks of a Writer's Insufficiency, this Author seems to have been conscious of his Inability to answer the solid Charge of his Antagonist, and therefore was resolv'd to supply the Defect another Way: for tho' in his 17th Page, he allows the Author of the *Defection consider'd* to have *drawn up at Length an Article with all the Ornaments that Invention can supply*; yet in p. 25. he call him *A heavy, loose, and unpointed Fellow*, &c. and in p. 27. he says the *Motto*, or Sentence prefix'd to the *Defection*, has no Relation to it; tho' in his preceding Page he expressly owns the Occasion of *Ascanius's* speaking 'em was, the *Trojan* Matrons burning their own Ships; if, therefore, it was pertinent for *Ascanius* to cry out on such an Occasion,

*Quis furor iste novus? non Hostem, inimicq; castra
Argivum, vestras Spes uritis -----*

might not the Author of the *Defection* apply 'em, with the greatest Propriety, to a Book, whose sole Design is to reclaim the *W----* from taking such Measures, as will not hurt their Enemies, but destroy their own Hopes and Expectations. As to his pedantick Observations on this, and another Sentence, and calling the Author of the *Defection* *Blockhead*, &c. it only serves to raise a just Suspicion of his own Want of Abilities; for that Piece seems to be written by one, who is a Man of Address, and a compleat Master of Stile, at least in that way of Writing.

The Instances I have produc'd may convince the Reader, he is not to expect very candid Reasonings on the more important, and less obvious Passages, cited by him from the *Defection*; and 'tis no wonder, if it be true, that this is (in his own Words, p. 7.) *that wicked Wretch the Examiner*; who had the Impudence to apply the insatiable Avarice of *Verres* in *Sicilia*, to the unblemish'd Government of the late Lord *Whayten* in *Ireland*.

In p. 13. he quotes a Passage from p. 24. of the *Defection*, where the Author says, 'There were some, at the Time of the Report of the Secret Committee, who did not, ev'n then, think the impeach'd Lords
' in

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‘ in any great Danger, when they saw, that Proceeding by *Attainder*,
‘ (the usual Method in such Cases) was not only omitted, &c.

To confute what is here suggested, he refers to the *Votes of the House of Commons for a Conviction*; but surely, if, according to him, in p. 7. *the Surrendring Steward can't but have his Followers*; it can't be suppos'd he was without 'em when in Power; and consequently, had he appear'd Zealous for such a Method of Proceeding, 'tis highly probable it wou'd have pass'd, as it did in Relation to others; whose Guilt was no more apparent than theirs who stood their Ground. He has too in this Passage, serv'd the Author of the *Defection*, much after the same Rate a worthy Dean has the B. of B. in a fresh invented Calumny; for in his 14th Page, he insults the Veracity of the *Defection*, for calling Proceeding by *Attainder* the *usual Method*, when says he, that Author *knew it to be an Extraordinary One*; leaving out *in such Cases*, which immediately follows *usual Method*.

In that famous Article of the *Defection*, which he allows to have been drawn up *with all the Ornaments that Invention can supply*; the Author says, ‘ A noble Peer's lying so long in Prison, without any Steps
‘ taken for his Trial, tho' Scaffolds were in all Haste built for that
‘ Purpose, made most People think, he knew what he did, when he
‘ chose to go to the *Tower*; and further on in the same Paragraph, that ‘ the cold, and lifeless Carriage of a certain Gentleman in Relation to that Affair, and his late Course of Behaviour, have convinc'd
‘ the World, he is capable of giving up the Justice due to his Country, and of acting so, as wou'd become none but a profess'd Enemy to it.

Now 'tis as plain as Words can express, that what the Author of the *Defection* do's here first suggest, and then positively affirm, arises from the Length of Time the Peer lay in Prison, tho' Scaffolds were built, and from the lifeless Conduct of a certain Person in that Affair, compar'd with his late Behaviour.

But this Spark fallaciously shifts the Argument, and makes the Reasons for these Accusations (as he calls 'em) to consist in p. 17, & 18. merely in the Peer's not running away, and the unequal Conduct of the *Commoner*. The first Reason he laughs at, as well he may, and at all those it will pass with: The other he denies to be true, affirming the like Vigour was us'd from the Beginning to the Minute the C----- was discharg'd from his Office as C-----; and then diverts himself with the cold Allusion of a Man without Hands to hold his

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his Weapons, complaining of the Injustice it wou'd be to find Fault with such an One for not fighting. But to persue his dull Figure, 'tis not for his not fighting in such a Circumstance, that he is complain'd of; but for the just Suspicion he gave, that he wou'd not use his Arms to the Advantage of his Side, which has been sufficiently confirm'd by his late Conduct (of which, not a Syllable is mention'd) and is a much better Proof of the Accusation's being true, than a simple Assertion to the contrary is of its being false.

As to the Reflection he insinuates, it is on the Character of some of the Author of the *Defection's* Friends, to have the Management of this important Affair *run into* (as he phrases it) *a Hand*, that wou'd impose on 'em, and disgrace their Proceedings; where is the Wonder, that one of *a Standard, and experienc'd Merit*, (to use his Words, p. 1.) shou'd be able, once at least, to deceive Persons of the greatest Sense, and Probity.

His next most remarkable Performance is, to answer the Charge of a certain Person's promising the Repeal of several persecuting Acts; or at least, his Assistance; which he only do's by a single, and very pedantical Denial; p. 1. *Cujus contrarium est verum*. Is not this a little like *Eamus*, says St. *Austin*? And tho' he comes off so poorly, he can't quit the Subject; but for the sake of having a Fling at the B. of B. (whom he ironically calls *Strenuous*) he digresses, and talks very impertinently in Favour of *Persecution*, as a Doctrine resulting from the *very Principles* of that B; saying, p. 21. 'It seems strange, indeed, that at one Time, *Self-Defence* shou'd not only be the great, and ruling Principle of human Nature, but the very Life and Spirit of Government; ----- and yet at another, and when another End, or Purpose is to be promoted, this Corner Stone in the Building becomes a Stumbling Block; ----- and is sure, all the Wit and Logic of Man can't reconcile these Contradictions. So that according to his accurate Way of Thinking, because the B. of B. has unanswerably maintain'd the *Civil Magistrate's Right* to defend itself against *Non-jurors*, or any other Enemies; therefore, he must continue Laws in Force, that injure his hearty, and sincere Friends; but he begs Pardon for this Digression; and, I hope, the Goodness of my Intention renders my doing so needless.

His next Attempt is to palliate what the Author of the *Defection* says, of *Spiriting up a Persecution against the B. of B.* and had he done this effectually, it wou'd not have been beside his Purpose; for I can assure

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assure him, the Conduct of a *certain Person* in this Affair, has lost him some Hearts best worth the having; for how was it possible for a Sensible, Honest Man to see without a generous Indignation, a Person countenance, and patronize one, who had taken such Methods to traduce the Reputation of one of those *Few Great Men*, who help to keep *Religion and Vertue* in Countenance.

In his 26th Page, he calls the Author of the *Defection* unlucky, in his Attempting to serve his Friends, and assigns this for his Reason; because that Author, in Answer to a pretty arrogant Argument us'd by some to keep their Creatures dependent, (*viz.* That the Management of *Affairs* must fall again into their Hands, because those who have it at present are not equal to the Charge;) has said, *The True Interest of Great Britain is so plain, that it can't easily be mistaken, let there be but Honesty, Resolution, Steadiness, and Application, Things will go well.* He is not at all concern'd for the handsom Imputation of Arrogance to his Friends; but passes on to the Ridiculing the foregoing Maxims; but notwithstanding his conceited Ridicule, I confess myself of the same Opinion, and cou'd produce good Authorities, to prove those *Maxims* just, and *solid*. If Persons have a *double Part* to act, *Fineness* and *Cunning* are not unnecessary; but when Ministers have nothing at Heart but the Good of their Country, they stand in no Need of this sinister kind of Wisdom; a famous Example of which, we have in the wise Administration of the late Lord Godolphin, and the crafty Management of his *double-dealing* Suppl---r.

And now we come to his *Coup d' Eclat*. p. 42. which, tho' it relates to the *Defection*, do's not, I confess, so immediately relate to my Design in considering his Arguments; but I hope, the Reader will excuse me, it being pleasant to correct the Vanity of a conceited Fellow; especially, when he's beside the Point.

The Author of the *Defection* has mention'd Cromwell, as an Instance of what vast Advantage it is to any one, to employ *Active Men*, hearty to their Master's Cause, and mortal Haters of his Enemies; who, tho' he had the Nobility, Gentry, Church, and Presbyterians against him; yet, by employing none but such, he not only did what he pleas'd at Home, but made as great a Figure Abroad, as any of our English Monarchs.

On this Occasion he triumphs, and boasts, by refuting his Politicks drawn from Cromwell's Management, he will show him how ill read, both in History and human Nature, he is.

But

But this superficial Thinker, this *Huomo di prima Impressione*, (as the *Italians* wou'd call such a one) runs away, (like a Dog on a false Scent,) with his own first Notion and Fancy of the Passage, without staying to consider the Meaning of the Author; and instead of proving this Assertion relating to *Cromwell* false, in his 43d Page, he tells us, it was to the *Enthusiasm* infus'd by *Cromwell* into his Followers, that all his Power was owing: But supposing so, what's this to the *Politicks* of the *Defection consider'd*? that Author is not in that Passage assigning the Means us'd by *Cromwell*, to make his Followers active, and zealous for his Cause; he only simply affirms, that *Cromwell* took Care to employ such; so that shou'd it be own'd, that it was by *Enthusiasm*, that his Servants were made *Hearty* and *True*, yet the *Politicks* of that Author remain unrefuted.

But his Notion of that Passage is yet remoter from its Meaning, if it be consider'd, that the Author is there only speaking of *Cromwell* as a Civil Governor, after he had got the whole Power into his Hands; and it's notorious, than then the greatest *Enthusiasts* were *Cromwell's* greatest Enemies; witness *Praise-God Barebones's Parliament*, who were almost all *Fifth Monarchy Men*, and inflexible against his ambitious Designs, &c. but he had got in his Head, an Image of *Oliver* as a General, and then, indeed, *Enthusiasm* might do him Service on the Day of Battle.

In his 30th Page, he entertains himself with the Thought, of what a pretty Employment it is, *To write a Treatise, to prove that Black is black; or a Man a Man*; ----- And this he thinks, is a pertinent Reflection on the *Defection*, for saying, *That a late Statesman's Behaviour has been so unaccountable, that it leaves not those who wish him well, any Thing to offer in his Excuse*. For, says he, *If no Excuse can be made for him, why did the Author of the Defection take all this ridiculous Pains to expose him, since it was superfluous to write, were all Mankind of the same Opinion?*

But do's it at all follow, that because that Statesman's Friends cannot excuse his late Behaviour, therefore all Mankind are sensible what what a Sort of Behaviour it has been? His Friends may not be able to defend his Conduct to those, who are well acquainted with it; but they may impose on the ignorant, and therefore, such a Piece as the *Defection consider'd* was not unnecessary.

And thus I have run thro' ev'ry Thing of Consequence, as well as trac'd some of the Digressions in *The Second Part of the Resigners vindicated*; and sincerely wish, I had met with such a Satisfactory Answer to
that

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that Part of the *Defection*, relating to the Person my *Epistle* is address'd to, as wou'd have hinder'd its Publication.

But to my great Regret, I have met with nothing there, nor in any other of the kind, that has been able to remove the Impressions I have receiv'd; however, I must guard the Reader against thinking, I am convinc'd of the Truth of all the Facts imputed to any One in the *Defection consider'd*; I must confess, there is Room for Suspicion;

Veritas odit moras. Sene. Oedip.

for Innocence seldom bears delaying to clear itself, especially, when 'tis easy to be done; and that the doing so, wou'd tend very much to the Advantage of the Party. *Scipio Africanus* did, indeed, by an *Heroick Disdain*, give a Noble Proof (tho' it had fatal Consequences to his Country) of his Innocence, and the general Virtue of his Country-men, when, instead of Answering to his Accusation, he cry'd out, *Fellow-Citizens, This Day I fought a Battle with Success against Annibal in Africa, let us, therefore, go, and thank the Gods for such a Felicity*; and instantly the whole City follow'd him to the Capitol: But shou'd never such an *Establish'd Merit* with us, affect to answer particular Accusations with a *disdainful Silence*, he wou'd be thought to make too great a Compliment to the Age, since it must be allow'd, by no Means, to be *Delicate and Virtuouse* enough, to taste such a kind of *Answering*.

Nevertheless, when in my *Epistle*, I express myself convinc'd, and speak of *Virtue's being only profess'd to serve an End*, &c. I wou'd be understood, only as applying it to a great Man's *Defection* from a *Glorious Cause*, that had engag'd him from his Youth. So likewise when I speak of *O——d's Gentle Fate, Catalonia's unrevenged Wrong, &c.* I wou'd not be thought to charge the Omission of satisfying the honest Part of the Nation, wholly on one Person; for I only consider him in Relation to those Cases, as a *Great Man*, intended to have been celebrated as the *Hero* of a *Glorious Cause*; who, as such, tho' it had been out of his Power to have procur'd Satisfaction to his Country, yet ought by all Means to have distinguish'd himself on those Occasions, by some *Celebrated Speech*, or other *Publick Demonstration*, that *Those Injuries and Disgraces* to his *Cause*, and *Country's Honour*, were wholly contrary to his *Will and Inclination*; and his *Not doing this* compar'd with his *Late Conduct*, convinces me, he had

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(agree-

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(agreeable to the Ancient Maxim, *Et ama tanquam inimicus futurus, et odi tanquam amaturus*;) Thoughts of preserving a Retreat, when Interest, or Resentment shou'd make it necessary.

Well might the Author of the *Defection* say on this Occasion, *Vertue was low enough before in all Parties, but after this, what will the World say of the greatest Pretenders to it?*

For my Part, who thought if there was a Man in *Britain*, (besides the Person that succeeded Mr. *W-----*) with any Thing of the *Roman* in him, it was himself, I am ready to cry out with *Brutus* at his Death,

Non in Re, sed in Verbo tantum esse Virtutem !

It were an important Speculation, and not remote from the Design of my Discourse, if its Limits did permit, to enquire into the Reasons of this *Excessive Selfishness*, which seems to be the Character of our Age: Other Times, no doubt, have been equally guilty of all besides, that our Age can be charg'd with; but *Narrowness of Soul*, a poor, low Turn of Thought to value nothing, but as it makes for Interest and Gain, seems most eminently to be the Vice of Ours. And how shou'd Minds possess'd with this, be capable of *High and Generous Thoughts of Love to their Country*, and preferring *True Glory* to all the Blandishments of *Fortune*, since this *sordid Obstacle* must needs (as my Lord *Bacon* observes concerning its interrupting the Progress of Learning) like *Atalanta's* golden Ball, divert 'em from running forward in the Race of Honour.

Declinat Cursus, aurumq; volubile tollit.

I wou'd not be thought to set up for the Profession of a *Romantic Vertue*; no, *Wisdom* itself prompts us to seek the *Decencies and Conveniences* of Life; in God's Name, therefore, let the *Profitable* accompany the *Honest*; but if Occasion shou'd compel a Man to part with one, or the other, I wou'd not have so much as a Pause on the Alternative; but that he shou'd cry out with *Amarillis* in *il Pastor fido*,

*Santissima Honestà, che sola sei
D'Alma ben nata inviolabil Nome.*

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I I

‘ O Sacred Honour, Thou shalt always be,
‘ Of Noble Minds the Greatest Deity.

Nay, methinks, I wou’d have my *Truly-Great Man*, when his Country calls for his Life, be ready to lay it down with a decent Chearfulness, and be able to say,

Dulce et decorum est pro Patria mori.

Since I have mention’d a Poem in my *Epistle*, partly compos’d, and intended to have been finish’d, perhaps, it may not be unacceptable to the Reader’s Curiosity, to see a *Specimen* of it: The first *Stanza* is the first of the Poem, and gives a general Hint of its Design: The second is Part of a Narration relating to the Duke of *MARLBOROUGH*, and particularly refers to the Glorious Battle of *Blenheim*.

I.

I, who, e’er While, the *Woful Treaty* sung,
To celebrated Mood of *Chevy Chase*,
Now to a bolder Pitch my Lyre have strung,
But tremble lest I shou’d my Theme disgrace;
For my Advent’rous Muse attempts to sing
In Measures of a more Majestick Strain;
Of happy *Britain’s* Good and Gracious King,
And the firm *Patriot’s* Praise, who made Him reign;
Such is the Task I’ve chose, O were my Skill
In *Praising*, but proportion’d to my ardent Will!

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II.

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I.

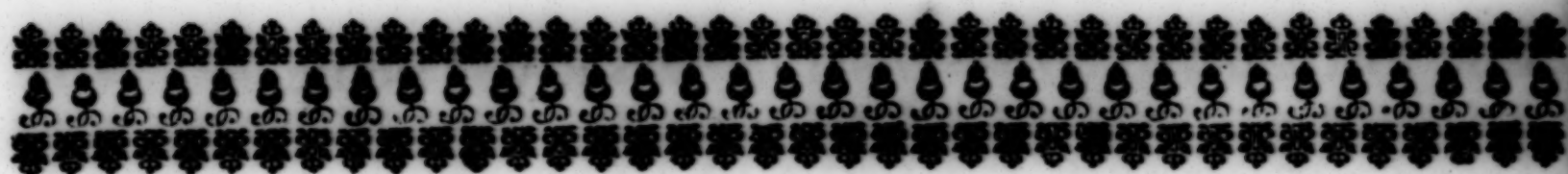
Swift * *Ister* sunk down from his Chrystal Urn,
 And in his † *Sedgy Bonnet* hid his Head,
 Dejected to behold the *Gauls* o'erturn
 His Turrets, and pollute his Oazy Bed ;
 But soon as e'er the *British Chief* appear'd,
 Prefaging Triumph with his Noble Air,
 The drooping *Genius* his prone Stature rear'd,
 And from his faded Visage shook Dispair ;
 He smil'd for Joy, and swell'd his Silver Flood,
 And soon beheld his Banks run down with hostile Blood.

The Reader sees I had chosen the *Stanza-kind* of Verse, being determin'd there, partly by my own Fancy, and the Example of modern Foreigners, our own *Spencer*, *Drayton*, and our later *Prior*, to the Measure of whose fine Ode to the Queen, (during the unfully'd Part of her Reign) I conform'd myself.

* The *Danube*.

† Next *Camus* Reverend Sire went footing flow,
 His Mantle hairy, and his *Bonnet Sedge*,

From the inimitable *Milton's* Excellent
 Monody of *Lycidas*.



A N
E P I S T L E

T O
R — W —, *Esq;*

THE *Muse*, who touch'd with *Catalonia's* Wrong,
Deplor'd its *mournful Fate* in ancient Song ;
(Such as might best to publick Hate expose
That *injur'd Country's*, and *Britannia's* Foes ;)
To a sublimer Pitch the Lyre had strung,
And half the Matter of her SONG had fung ;

The

The PROTESTANT SUCCESSION was my Theme,
 And you the *Favourite Patriot* of my Scheme ;
 With all her Skill, the *Muse* essay'd to show
 How much to your just Eloquence we owe ;
 Which had so oft expos'd the damn'd Design
 Of Hell, and our pernicious *Cataline*,
 Betwixt *Rome's* Noble Orator and you
 A glorious Parallel my Fancy drew ;
 As you his charming Pow'r of Speech possesst,
 His Country's Love, I thought, glow'd in your Breast ;
 That firmly fixed to the Glorious Cause,
 On *which* depend our LIBERTY and LAWS ;

I thought nor *Hate*, nor *Int'rest* cou'd controul
 The *stedfast Resolution* of your Soul ;
 Thus grac'd with all that cou'd attract *Esteem*,
 The *Muse* selected you her *Darling Theme* ;
 Attempting on your *virtuous Fame* to raise
 You, and herself a Monument of Praise ;
 Yet oft *bold Rumour* with some *ugly News*,
 Wou'd damp the *secret Transports* of the *Muse* ;
 But still I thought that *Party-Rage* and *Hate*,
 Or *Envy* might *those Calumnies* create ;
 Tho' *Reason* lately wou'd such Things suggest,
 As often has my *intended Song* suppress.

When.

Whene'er I thought on O-----d's gentle Fate,
 Or *Catalonia's* unrevenged State ;
 On *vile Conspirators* with Honours grac'd,
 And *Gen'rous Patriots* from their *Posts* displac'd ;
 On the *Dissenters* Hardships from their Hands,
 In *whose Behalf* they made such Noble Stands ;
 The *jealous Muse* wou'd blush with honest Shame,
 For fear her SONG shou'd prostitute her Fame,
 And sighing, say, how can my *Hero* fit,
 And not exert his Force of Native Wit,
 When such full Subjects offer to his Sense,
 Such *ample Harvests* for his Eloquence.

Where is his glorious Warmth, so oft exprest

For *Britain's* Honour, and her Interest ?

How can he think of *Catalonia's* Wrong,

And silent sit with that *Perswasive* Tongue !

This is a *Cause* might *warm* the coldest Heart,

And to the *dullest* Eloquence impart ;

Here needs no Art the Hearers to engage,

Or fire the Speaker with becoming Rage ;

If e'er their Breasts *Pity* or *Honour* knew,

For both, in *this sad Cause*, for Vengeance sue.

— Thus the *Dejected Muse* wou'd oft exclaim,

And secretly your seeming Conduct blame ;

Yet fond of you a thousand Ways I strove,
 My Doubts and Apprehensions to remove,
 And hop'd that your clear Honour wou'd e'er long,
 Provoke the *Muse* to end her Chosen Song ;
 But, Oh ! how false, how vain, (it *now* appears)
 Were all my Hopes ; how sadly true my Fears !
 For the *Defection* has, in spight of me,
 Turn'd my Suspicions into Certainty ;
 As in a well-drawn Piece, sometimes we trace
 The Passions in the Features of the Face ;
 So this great Master has so well design'd
 The curious Stroaks that paint the hidden Mind,

As shews your *Vertue* only was profess'd,
 More certainly, to serve your Interest ;
 When God-like *Brutus* for his Country dy'd,
 And lost the Day, tho' on the juster Side ;
 With his last Breath it forc'd him to exclaim,
 O *Vertue*, Thou art nothing but a Name!
 And you wou'd almost tempt one to believe,
 'Tis but assum'd by all the better to deceive ;
 For Minds adorn'd with your superiour Sence,
 And long renown'd for *inward* Excellence,
 When, like the *Crowd*, they swerve from *Honour's* Rules,
Vertue becomes the Scorn of Knaves and Fools ;

But not of Those *Phæbus* reply'd to me,
 Who burn with Love of *Gen'rous Honesty* ;
 Who *Intellectual Harmony* admire,
 And ardently to *Vertuous Fame* aspire.

O how cou'd you degrade your Noble Sense,
 In such a shuffling Wretch as *S—*'s Defence ;
 Whom sordid Motives to the Quarrel drew,
 As his vile Calumnies (*when vanquish'd*) shew :
 (But as *Pure Gold* retains its Weight and Hiew,
 In spite of all that *tort'ring Fire* can do,
 So *B-----*'s *Real Worth* remains the same,
 Tho' vile *Detraction* wou'd debase his *Fame* ;

And

And will, with undiminish'd Splendor, be
Transmitted to our *Late Posterity*.)

Can the *Fanatick* Schemes of *Tories* find
Reception in your *Penetrating Mind*?

Can such a *Genius* as yours believe

The *wild*, and *sensless* *Notions* they receive ;

But if, (as sure I think) you still disdain

The *Visionary* *Systems*, which they feign ;

How can you join with *them*, and act a *Part*

Repugnant to the *Dictates* of your Heart ?

What an *important Loss* have you sustain'd !

How much more Worth than *all the Wealth* you've gain'd,

Th.

Th' Esteem of all the *Brave*, the *Just*, and *Wise*,
 Which *vertuous Fame* procures her Votaries ;
 How lov'd, admir'd, how honour'd was your Name
 By all, that did regard your Country's Fame ;
 When O——d's much desir'd Charge you drew,
 And said you'd take the glorious Task on you ?
 But *now*, how fall'n, how chang'd from what you was,
 When on yourself you took that Noble Cause !
 What *never-dying Fame* had you obtain'd,
 And what *un-envy'd Wealth* and *Honour* gain'd,
 Had you persisted as you first begun,
 And forward in the Race of Glory run.

O Cou'd the *Muse* your Conduct but reclaim,
 And in your Breast produce a gen'rous Shame;
 With juster Pride I'd glory in my Fate,
 Than might the * Bard, whom the *Venetian* State
 So well rewarded for the fair Renown,
 His fine Description brought their Noble Town;
 But if for private Interest, or Hate,
 You will obstruct the Welfare of the State,
 And, with resolv'd Ingratitude, oppose
 Our Gracious King's Designs for our Repose,

May

* *Sannazarius*, who made six *Latin* Verses on the City of *Venice*, for which the *Senate* gave him Six Thousand Crowns.

May your *deluded Followers*, (like me,)
 See, and detest your Infidelity;
 And wisely think too, if a *Brave Man* must
 A *false Friend*, or a *Gen'rous Foe* entrust,
Disdain and *Policy* wou'd recommend
 The *Untry'd Foe*, and not the *faible's Friend*.

F I N I S

